



THE MISSISKOU STANDARD

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY

J. D. GILMAN, Printer,

To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

Jim Crow's Trip to Downing Street.

I came, good folks, from Downing Street,
A little time ago—
And ebery man dere wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about and turn about,
And do jis so;
Ebery Whig can wheel about and jump Jim Crow.

And fust I saw de Beggarman,
Who boder all de nation;
Him turn about, and wheel about,
To make de agitation.
For justice to de Paddyland
He makes us sick wid bawling;
For all him turn about for is
To keep de rent from falling.
Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so;
If Whiggee no obey, he make 'em jump Jim Crow.

Dere's Massa Johnny write him book
To praise de constitution;
Den turn about, change ebery ting,
And make de revolution.
Him tell de people all de love
For liberty him feel.
And den give 'em Poor Law Act,
And lock 'em in bastille.
Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so;
If poor man touch him wife he make him jump Jim Crow.

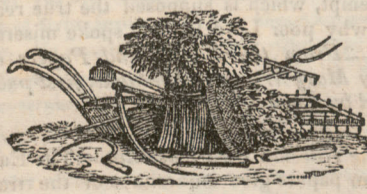
Den Massa Cupid, him de man
To turn and wheel about,
Him turn about on ebery side
If dey won't turn him out.
Him Whig, him Tory, Radical,
Just as it come to pass;
Him anything, him eberyting,
Him nothing but an ass.
Turn about, and wheel about,
And do jis so;
Ebery fool can turn about and jump Jim Crow.

Dere's old Lord Holland got de Gout,
And wheel about to dinners;
Dere's Massa Rice, him rob de church,
And prove de parsons winners.
Dere's many oder itel men,
Whose name I do not know,
But all of dem can wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about,
And do jis so;
No nigger like de Ministers can jump Jim Crow.

Jock Camel, ebery Stafford man
Him give a five-pound note,
Den punish ebery Ispwich man
As dare to sell him vote.
Him tell de Scotch dat ebery Lord
Deserve to lose him life,
Den turn about at London, and
Make lady of him wife!
Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so;
Ebery Scotchman turn about and jump Jim Crow.

Den dere's de Lord who, long ago,
Like any Lamb was quiet—
But now him Dan O'Connell man,
Him kick up quite a riot.
Him swear de wicked Lords do bring
De people great misfortune,
Den turn about—he can no more—
De pretty Missy—
Turn about and wheel about,
And do jis so;
Him ask if Mary Magdalen could jump Jim Crow.

AGRICULTURAL.



UTILITY OF DRAINING.

JUDGE BUEL.—DEAR SIR—Perhaps enough has already been said and written, of the wonders wrought by thorough draining, to convince the most sceptical of its beneficial effects on lands that really need it. But when I look around me, and see so much of the extensive and beautiful plains of this neighborhood yielding but a scanty return for the labor bestowed on them, and a considerable portion of them almost entirely unproductive, for want of this simple improvement, I feel that I shall not trespass on the patience of your readers, and may perhaps render them a service, by stating some facts that have fallen under my observation, in an agricultural tour through the British isles, &c. during the past year.

At present, I shall only state what I saw on a single farm, near Stirling, in Scotland, and the conversation I held with the intelligent occupant.—His farm consists of 200 Scotch (equal to 250) acres, most of it so level that it was with great difficulty, and only by digging a moat of nearly half a mile in length, from 6 to 8 feet wide at the surface and from 4 to 5 feet deep, that he was enabled to make an

outlet for the drains. The soil is a stiff loam, or alluvial deposit from overflowings of the river Forth; the subsoil a tenacious clay; the whole farm is underdrained with tile, at 18 feet distance from each other, and about two and a half feet below the surface; the drains are formed by a flat bottom or sole, and an inverted trough, both made of earth and well burnt. When adjusted, they form a drain of about 12 to 15 square inches! the joints of the tiles are covered with straw or swingle tow. From the mouth of each of these drains the water was seen issuing in little rills into the common receptacle, the large open ditch or moat above mentioned, through which it was discharged into the river.

The stock yard, embracing an area of about half an acre, was also underdrained, and the surface perfectly dry, notwithstanding the continual rains of winter, which saturate the earth, and were it not for the underdrains, would convert it into mud of great depth, by the treading of the teams in carrying the grain to the threshing machine.

Drains are also filled with rubble stone, where these are at hand: but where the stone has to be carried any considerable distance, so as to make the expense nearly equal to tiles, the latter are preferred, as being on the whole the best. He estimated the expense of tile draining, 18 feet apart, at 5 or 6 pounds the Scotch acre, (twenty-two dollars and twenty cents to twenty-six dollars and sixty-six cents,) but was unable to tell precisely the amount, the work having been done at intervals, and the tiles paid for by his landlord. In reply to my remark, that it was a costly improvement, he said, 'But it costs a deal more not to do it'—which he illustrated, by pointing to an adjoining field that had not been underdrained and was grown over with rushes. 'My farm, (said he, before it was underdrained was also full of rushes. In spite of my best efforts in tilling and seeding, the rushes would supplant the grasses by the second or third year; but not one has been seen since my farm was drained. The expense of draining was a matter of mutual understanding between my landlord and me, and has proved a benefit to both of us. I have obtained an extension of my lease, and my landlord a higher rent in prospect, both of us looking to the prospective increase of product for a reimbursement of the outlay. The increase of crops has paid the expense in two years, enabled me to pay a higher rent, and yielded me a proportional increase of compensation for my labor.'

To give an idea of the importance attached to draining, I will state that notwithstanding the extent to which the system is carried, even exceeding in some instances the example above given, I saw it stated in one of their public journals, that 'there probably is not a well drained parish or farm, even in the Lothians.' Excepting a few isolated farms, I believe it to be strictly true; for I saw many districts where this improvement was still in progress. Some farms on which it was just commenced, and others where it was apparently not yet thought of, though it appeared to me to be equally needed, and which, as I was told, were naturally as good as any, but for want of draining brought only half the usual rent, and 'give the tenants but a hard life of it.' The proprietor, in consideration of the low rent, thinks the tenant ought to make the improvement; the tenant, in view of the scanty product, and perhaps in prospect of a rise of rent at the expiration of his lease, would throw the whole burden on the landlord...and both, mistaking their true interest, agree to get what they can from the land with the least outlay. The land, in its turn, requites this unkind treatment, by yielding each succeeding year a more scanty crop, and in the end blights the prospects of both proprietor and cultivator.

I am aware that objections may be raised against draining here to the extent which is practised in the North of Europe. These objections may be embraced under two heads:—

1st. The climate and the nature of our agriculture are different, and do not require the same management; and

2d. The expense, arising from the high price of labor, and the comparatively low price of agricultural products, in a country having a sparse population.

Having already extended this paper beyond my intended limits, I have not time now, nor do I deem it necessary, to go into detail to answer these objections. Suffice it to say, that the rains of autumn and spring, together with the reduction of temperature during winter, render draining equally as necessary in the Northern States as in the North of Europe; for I conceive that full half the beneficial effects of draining are referable to the temperature of the soil which it produces. Plants, as well as animals, have their habitudes, predilections

and antipathies, which must be studied and consulted, if we would cultivate them successfully. Such as grow in water or cold springy ground, are mostly useless as food for animals, while those that are most useful to man and beast prefer a warm and dry soil, and some even require the additional aid of high atmospheric temperature to bring them to perfection. Indian corn is one of this kind. The uniform failure of this crop in our cold summers, is a fact of general observation; and although you may grow a spindling, dwarfish stalk, with a diminutive ear, on a cold and wet soil, it never luxuriates as in its proper element, unless its roots as well as its top are surrounded by an elevated temperature. The want of solar heat may be supplied to a considerable degree by thorough draining, and ploughing in fermented manure. The secret of Mr. Reybold's large corn crop (see Cultivator, vol. 3, page 34,) lay in the 'long manure,' ploughed into a soil that is by nature loose and dry, and left there undisturbed to ferment. The fermentation of the manure warms the soil, and assimilates it to its own nature, and the gases set at liberty pulverize and loosen it in their ascent, and also furnish a bountiful supply of nourishment for corn and root crops, &c.

As to the expense, with such as hold the six-pence so near the eye as to conceal a dollar at arm's length, this is an insuperable objection; but as they are not the persons to pay 50 cents for your paper, it would be lost labor to argue the point with them, through that medium. It is true, the price of labor here is something more than it is in Scotland, but the price of produce at present is more than proportionably high. I saw beautiful wheat sold for 4s. and 6d. sterling (1 dollar,) when the price here was 1 dollar and 50 cents. The large importation of foreign grain of late is a sorry commentary on our agriculture, and should stimulate our farmers to improvement. The American farmer has in the tenure by which he holds his lands, a security for any expenditure in the form of improvement, which the English or Scotch farmer has not. The former is generally the lord of his domain, and whatever improvement he makes increases the value of his land and his fast capital, while the latter is obliged annually to disburse, in the form of rents and poor rates, a sum nearly or quite sufficient to make the improvement under consideration. I would say, then, away with the parsimony that would starve your farm. See that your title deeds are valid; remember that if you double the product of your lands you double their value, and that the money you lay out for that purpose, is more safely and more profitably invested, than it would be in any bank or stock company.

A. O. SPOOR.

Coxsackie, Feb. 16, 1837.

Lime—Cut-Worm—Grass-Seed.

New York, March 15, 1837.

It is a rare occurrence that I have ventured to record my agricultural experiments in the newspapers, although I think it a duty that we owe to each other, and not only to record them, but affix the name of the party making the experiment, that he may be referred to in case of need.

I have read recently much about the destruction caused by the cut-worm, and I brought to my recollection what happened to me about eighteen years ago, when I owned the reclaimed salt meadows, which are dyked, opposite to Newark, in New-Jersey. I wished to make an experiment on the efficacy of lime on that peculiar soil. I had previously satisfied myself as to its value on upland soil. These meadows were ditched in lots of about five acres. Early in the month of April I took a lot, had it well ploughed and harrowed, and sowed it with flax-seed, also with a mixture of timothy, red top or herds-grass, and red clover seeds. I directed a 'land' or 'bout' of eight paces wide and the whole length of the lot, in the middle of the field, to be limed, at the rate of about 100 bushels of slaked Barneget lime to the acre, as near as might be. That year, for the first time, I found my meadows infested with the cut-worm, and in every part of the lot, except where the lime was put, the roots of the flax were eat off and destroyed, and the roots of the grass seed very much injured, but not entirely destroyed. Where the lime was thrown there was not only good flax, but the grass seed came up and flourished; the color of the grass was a very rich and deep green, and it could be distinguished from the other part of the lot, as far as the eye could discern the field.

Afterwards, during that year and the following years, when the horses, mules, horned cattle and sheep, were turned to feed on that lot, you would see them confined to that space where the lime was put as long as any thing remained there to be eaten. The experiment having satisfied me, I made after that year free use of lime

on those meadows, and have seen, at the end of twelve years, the beneficial results of its application. My lands have never since the application of lime to them been infested with the cut-worm.

I have known many persons declare, that lime was of no use to their farms; but on questioning them as to mode and extent of the application, I found they were entirely ignorant of the manner it should be applied. I believe lime judiciously applied will benefit any soil. You may apply too much in the first instance, as well as too little. To a rich alluvial soil, like the reclaimed salt meadows, I know that 100 bushels of lime to the acre, on the first application is not too much, and I believe that 200 bushels would be better; but if on the first application you were to put 100 bushels of lime to poor or worn out upland, I am persuaded it would injure the land for several years.

Hence, as the result of my experience, I would recommend that worn out upland should be ploughed deeper than in the ordinary tillage it had been—say from two to four inches deeper. Prepare the land for sowing the crop you intend to put in—say, if you please, oats or other small grain—sow your seeds and harrow it once, then spread from 30 to 40 bushels of slaked lime, as near as may be, to the acre, and sow your grass seed, and then cross harrow the land. Many persons, I know, throw it on the ground after the crop is put in, leaving the rain to wash it into the land; but I prefer to harrow it once in. Afterwards, when you plough up the same land, and seed it down, you may apply from 60 to 100 bushels of lime, not only without injury, but with great benefit in the result; and if good husbandry is followed, lime to the extent of 200 to 300 bushels per acre may be applied afterwards, with great advantage. And my experience is, that in grass lands, the good effects of lime will be seen at the end of twelve years. I have applied many thousand bushels of lime to my land, and therefore have no hesitancy in recommending its general use, if judiciously applied.

I think it advisable also to mention when the application of lime has appeared to be injurious, and leave others to make a farther experiment; and therefore I state, that my Scotch farmer advised me not to sow wheat when I fresh limed my land, as it would smut the wheat. I replied to him, if it is beneficial to pickle your wheat and roll it in lime before sowing, to prevent smut, surely liming the land will not cause the smut. I disregarded his warning, and directed the application of lime on the wheat land...the following year my wheat was very much injured with smut. The philosophy of it I do not understand, but I took good care never to do so afterwards.

I have taken a course in relation to sowing grass seeds widely different from my neighbor farmers. I condemn the practice of putting a small quantity of seed, such as is usually put on an acre, because the seed when it comes up does not sufficiently cover the ground. You lose much in quantity of hay, and in its quality. My rule has been, whether on upland or low land, to mix well together my grass seeds—say herds grass, or red top, as it is sometimes called, timothy, and red clover—apply one bushel of seed to the acre, in equal portions of the different seeds. The consequence will be, that the seed comes up as thick as hair on a dog's back, the land is completely covered, and not injured by the rays of the sun after mowing in a dry season; the grass, instead of having large stalks and dry, are small and full of juice, and the hay not only increased in quantity, but is much more palatable to the animal.

All which I respectfully submit to the consideration of practical farmers.

A. DEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SPRING ROOT.

A Legend of Rubezahl.

Rubezahl has his own vegetable garden in the mountain; it is shown upon the declivity of the Aupengrund. The mountain is rich in excellent herbs, which have been employed, from very ancient times, in the preparation of costly essences. Even at this day the inhabitants of Krumhabel gain their livelihood by the preparation of these essences from the herbs which grow in those parts—an art that they may probably have derived from the pupils of the once celebrated school of Paracelsus, at Prague, who were driven by the wars of the Hussites into the more secluded parts of the country; whence it is possible the people of Krumhabel may yet be in possession of many curious and valuable traditions. Among the herbs there is one which has become peculiarly celebrated in legendary lore; it is called the Spring-

root, and is found only in Rubezahl's garden. This root is of the most costly species, and possesses virtues to heal the most obstinate and inveterate diseases. But it serves besides as a nourishment to the spirits themselves, and Rubezahl allows none but his particular favorites to gather it.

A lady of high birth once lay dangerously ill at Liegnitz, and promised a peasant from the high mountain a great reward if he could procure her the Spring-root from Rubezahl's garden. Allured by her tempting promises he undertook the task. When he reached the garden lies, he seized his spade, and began to dig up the Spring-root, which was not unknown to him. Whilst he was yet stooping at his labour the wind began to howl from one quarter, and he heard loud thundering words which he could not understand. He started up in alarm, in order to satisfy himself whence it came, but he was not able to stand upright against the rush of the wind. He perceived, however, upon the extreme edge of a projecting cliff, a tall gigantic form; a long beard descended over his breast, and a large crooked nose disfigured his countenance. The figure looked upon him with fearful glowing eyes; his streaming locks, and a large white cloak which he wore, waved in the storm, and in his hand he bore a large knotted club. 'What are you doing there?' screamed the apparition to him, and the rough voice was scarcely distinguishable from the howling of the storm. The peasant though a very bold man, was overcome by the terror which now seized him, and replied, 'I am seeking the Spring-root for a sick lady, who has promised to pay me well for it.' 'What you have got you may keep; but return again, and' screamed the figure; and brandishing his club with threatening gestures, he vanished.

The peasant went down from the mountain, lost in deep thought, and the lady at Liegnitz considered herself extremely fortunate in getting the possession of the potent root to soothe her pains. Her illness visibly diminished, and as she could only expect her complete recovery from the continued use of the root, she desired that the peasant might be again brought into her presence. 'Would you venture once more to fetch me the Spring-root?' inquired the lady. 'My good lady,' answered the peasant, 'the first time the Lord of the mountain appeared to me in a fearful form, and threatened me so seriously that I dare not venture a second time.' But the lady conquered her fear by dint of liberal promises; she offered him a much larger sum than the first time; the peasant no longer able to withstand the temptation, ventured once again to take a solitary journey into the most inmost recesses of the mountain.

As soon as he began to dig the root there arose a fearful storm in the same quarter as before, and when he looked towards it he beheld the same figure menacing him in a still more threatening posture; the long hair and white mantle of the spirit seemed to stream on the winds towards him—fire shone in his eyes—the frightful voice, which again screamed 'what are you doing?' re-echoed from the barren rocks, and seemed to be shouted with redoubled violence from the hidden abyss. When the peasant again answered, 'I seek the Spring-root; a sick lady has promised to reward me well for it,' the wrathful spirit roared out, 'Have I not warned you, you madman! And you dare to come back again? But you have it already; so save yourself if you can!' The lightnings of his eyes seemed to strike upon the fainting peasant, and to scorch his countenance; his mighty club whirled through the air and sunk close beside him deep into the solid rock—the ground trembled—a loud thunder-clap benumbed his senses, and he sunk down unconscious upon the turf. On recovering from his trance, he felt as if every bone in his body was broken; the club had disappeared, thunder rolled in the distance, and he thought that he could distinguish the threatening voice amid its roar; but the Spring-root remained in his hand, and so he crept about drenched by the rain, surrounded by the thick fog, attacked by flitting spirits hither and thither, the whole night and the following day, without knowing where he was, till a charcoal-burner found him half-starved, and took him to his hut. Here he recovered, and then hastened to Liegnitz.

The lady was delighted when he again stood before her with the Spring-root, and gave him so great a reward that he forgot all his misfortunes and joyfully hastened home. Some time elapsed and the lady seemed almost well, but still she had not thoroughly recovered; 'if I could get the Spring-root once more, I feel I could be quite well,' she said. So she sent again to the peasant, who refused to go to her;

but it was as if he was urged on by an evil spirit against his will, and he at last yielded. 'Here I am again lady,' said the peasant, 'what do you wish of me? I hope it is not to go again for the Spring-root? heaven preserve me from that! The last time I scarcely escaped with my life. I yet shudder when I think of it.' Here the lady began to embrace him, and promised him a whole rich farm and great treasures with it, and so dazzled the poor man's imagination, that he resolved to brave all danger and endeavor to steal a third time the Spring-root from the enchanted garden, though he should perish in the attempt. 'Hitherto,' said the peasant, 'The Lord of the mountain has only threatened me; and this shall be the last time, for then I am a rich man and can spend my life in glory and joy.'

The peasant dared not go alone this time to the mountain. 'Dear boy,' said he to his eldest son, who was now beyond childhood, 'we shall go to the chapel upon the mountain; you shall accompany me. They proceeded together till the ravines became more and more narrow, & the rocks more rugged and barren. As they passed along the margin of the lake eternally overshadowed by the steep rocks, the father became silent and thoughtful, and deep horror fell upon his inmost soul: his eyes gleamed so wildly that his son shuddered to look upon them. 'What ails you, father?' said he at last; but the father did not answer him, and gazed in silence on the ground. Then they ascended higher and higher up the mountain, till they drew near the garden, when the father thus addressed his son, 'Evil spirits have beguiled thy father from his earliest years. I have cared only for riches, and have remained a stranger to the fear of God and religion. I have led a wild and careless life, and never set before you a good example. Now Death calls me, and I must perforce the Spring-root from the Lord of the mountain, for which he will tear me to pieces.' At this the son wept sore, and said, 'Father, leave it, and turn back with me; heaven is merciful.' But in the distraction of despair, the father had already seized the spade and begun to dig. Then arose a fearful hurricane, a water-spout rushed down & flooded all the brooks into wild torrents; a moaning, heart wringing lament seemed to rise up from the roots of the garden; all the elements mingled wildly with one another—yawning cliffs opened around, and from above a huge figure, itself like a mountain, descended with a gigantic club, seized the peasant, and flew up with him to the height; then a large rock fell down and shivered into a thousand pieces. The son heard the moaning of his father, farther and still farther in the distance, & for a long time lay on the ground in deep stupor: at last the hurricane ceased to war, the sky cleared up, and the forsaken son, full of terror, sought the mountain chapel to recommend himself to God's mercy and protection. At the same hour the lady at Liegnitz, who seemed almost recovered, died suddenly.

Making and Preserving Cheese.

1. The goodness of cheese, as well as butter, depends much on the quality of the milk. The season, and particular way of making it also have a very considerable influence upon it in this respect; more perhaps than the material of which it is prepared. We shall, briefly, notice these circumstances.

2. The best season for this purpose is from the commencement of June to the close of September. There is no doubt, however, but that good cheese may be made throughout the year, provided the cows be well fed in the winter. It is also worthy of attention that milk abounds most in caseous matter during spring, and with the butyrous in summer and autumn.

3. The Cheshire cheese made in England, is celebrated for its excellence, and we shall give the mode of making it adopted by the Cheshire dairymen.

4. The thermometer of a Cheshire dairy woman is constantly at her fingers' ends. The heat of the milk when set, is regulated by the warmth of the room and the heat of the external air; so that the milk may be the proper length of time in sufficiently coagulating. The time is generally thought to be about an hour and a half.

5. The evening's milk—of suppose 20 cows—having stood all night in the cooler and brass pans, the cheese maker, (in summer,) about six o'clock in the morning, carefully skims off the cream, which is put into a brass pan. While the dairy-woman is thus employed, the servants are milking the cows, having previously lighted a fire under the furnace which is half full of water.

6. As soon as the night's milk is skimmed, it is all carried into the cheese tub, except about three quarters of a brass pan full, (three to four gallons) which is immediately placed in the furnace of hot water, in the pan, and is made scalding hot; then half of the milk thus heated is poured to the cream, which, as before observed, had been already skimmed into another pan.

7. By this means all of the cream is liquified and dissolved, so as apparently to form one homogeneous or uniform liquid, and in that state it is poured into the cheese tub.

8. In some celebrated dairies, however, they do not, during the whole summer, heat a drop of the night's milk; only dissolve the cream in a brass pan, floated or suspended in a furnace of hot water. In other dairies, they heat one third. One half or even more than that of the previous

night's milk. But in all, they are careful to liquify or melt the cream well before it is mixed with the milk in the tub.

9. Whatever may be the general custom in any given dairy, respecting the heating of the milk, the practice varies according to the weather. It is generally on poor clay lands that the milk most requires warming. On good rich soils, it will not bear much heating; at least, by so doing, the process of cheese making is rendered more difficult.

10. The process of making cheese is much more difficult than that of making butter. The quantity depends more on the mode of performing that operation than on the richness of the milk. The temperature at which the milk is kept before it is formed into cheese, and that which is coagulated, or turned into curds, are objects of the greatest importance in the management of a cheese dairy. The temperature of the milk ought not to exceed 55, nor to be less than 50 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. For coagulating, it should be at 90 or 95.

11. If the milk is kept warmer than 55, it will not throw up the cream so well as the lower degree. It is also subject to get sour and give a bad taste to the cheese. If it be allowed to be much colder than that, it becomes difficult to separate the curd from the whey, and the cheese made from it will be soft and insipid.

12. If the curd be coagulated too hot, it becomes tough; much of the butyrous matter will go off with the whey; and the cheese will be hard and tasteless. The thermometer, should therefore, always be employed in every dairy. Although the dairy-women may at first be prejudiced against it, yet its evident utility, and great simplicity, will eventually reconcile them to its use.

13. The greatest care should be taken thoroughly to extract every particle of whey from the curd. No cheese will keep well while any whey remains, and if any part become sour, the whole will acquire a disagreeable flavor. Similar effects are produced by the use of an immoderate quantity of rennet; it is also apt to blow up the cheese full of small holes. This last effect will be produced if it be allowed to remain too long on one side.

14. Every experienced dairy man is of opinion that from nine to twelve months time is requisite to ripen cheese of from fourteen to twenty pounds weight. It is laid down as a rule, in the process of making cheese that the hotter it is put together the sounder it will be; and the cooler, the richer, and more apt to decay. It should be kept in an airy but not in a cold place. If the moderately dried leaves of the young twigs of the common birch tree be placed on the surface or sides of cheeses, they will be found very serviceable in preventing the depredation of mice.

15. It is a good practice to strew a little dry moss, or fine hay, upon the shelves on which the cheeses are laid; for when new, they sometimes adhere to the board, and communicate a dampness to it that is prejudicial to the other side of the cheese, when turned. It also promotes their drying.

16. At a more advanced stage they may be laid upon straw; but at first, it would sink into, and deface the surface. To which we will add, as general maxims...that great cleanness, sweet rennet, and attention to the heat of the milk and breaking the curd, are the chief requisites in cheese making.—*Farmers' School Book.*

EVANS'S DEFEAT.

To such dishonor has the policy of the Whig Radical government exposed the arms of England, the arms not only of General Evans's deluded volunteers, but the arms of the King's forces—of the Royal Marines. With relentless cruelty has the blood of Englishmen been squandered to humor a revolutionary faction at home, if not for more sordid objects in a narrow sphere. We blame not General Evans for any thing but for his lending himself in the first instance to this most unjustifiable and disastrous enterprise. He has proved his personal courage—a quality which no man could suppose wanting in a gentleman trained in the British army; and if he has given no evidence of military skill, it may be fairly said in his defence that he has never been in a position to do so. Thrown upon the Spanish coast, with a force inadequate to any great operation, and placed in dependence upon the Queen's government for subsistence, and, therefore, under the command of her corrupt, cowardly, and stupid advisers, he has had no power to act but with the certainty of defeat—no choice to abstain from operations that must result in disgrace. We differ widely from the political opinions of Gen. Evans—we deplore and condemn the inconsiderate weakness, which has caused him to seduce thousands of his fellow subjects to destruction, as unreasonable animals are led to a slaughter-house—but we deeply sympathize with the wounded pride of him and of every other British soldier, who had to hurry behind the walls of San Sebastian, to escape from an undisciplined, half armed, half fed host of rude peasants. With what indelible agony must they who witnessed the glories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, and the multitude of other trophies of British valor on the same soil, have participated in the shameful flight of Hernani. But as we have said, though every British cheek must burn with indignation at this deep debasement of the British flag—this worse than unprofitable waste of British blood—of this indignation Gen.

al Evans is not the proper object. The atonement is due by others—not as the Morning Chronicle intimates by any Saarsfield or Espartero—men from whom we can exact no retribution, and in whom we had no reason to confide that they would act in a different manner from that in which twenty-five years' experience proves it. Spanish Generals always will act by their allies—but from the wretched, unprincipled Ministers who placed the honor of the arms of England, and the lives of thousands of Britons, at the mercy of such persons. A British Admiral has been shot, because—his sentence admitted—'through an error in judgment,' he was supposed slightly to have tarnished the military reputation of his country. Within the memory of most of us, General Whitlock was utterly disgraced, and narrowly escaped death, for a far less dishonorable failure than that of Hernani. A wretched man was hanged in the Old Bailey within this fortnight for having caused the death of one fellow subject—what, then, is due to those who have, within a few months, drawn ten times more shame upon our arms than ever clouded them in all the checks of any one century—have caused to be shed more British blood in disgrace, than bought the victory of Salamanca, or of Vittoria, or of Trafalgar. Will not Englishmen demand an account of the sullied honor of England? Will they allow the blood of thousands of their brethren to cry from the ground in vain? No, they will not; the delusion behind which the real authors of all this disgrace and slaughter have hitherto veiled themselves is rapidly dissipating, and THE DAY OF VENGEANCE WILL COME.—*Standard.*

From the private Correspondent of the Standard.

Paris, March 19.

The Whigs have disgraced England all over the world.—Defeat of the English forces in Spain.

It is really high time to speak out. I know that you are occupied with English questions of immense moment, and with English interest of paramount importance. I know that the columns of the Standard are unavoidably filled with debates, pregnant with the most immense results to the Protestant Church of England, and I would not, therefore, obtrude unnecessarily on your time or space. But there is just now a pressing matter, which must be forced upon the country, which must be brought before Parliament, and which, if wisely and strongly put, must turn out Lord Palmerston and his confederates. I allude to the disgrace which the Whigs are heaping upon England all the world over. My English blood has really boiled in my veins as I have read the dispatch announcing the defeat of the English forces in Spain. I do not blame General Evans; I pity him. I do not blame Saarsfield; he knows he cannot depend on his troops. They are regiments of starving and naked beggars. I do not blame Espartero; he will not lead on men, who are emaciated by disease and want, to fight against the Carlist battalions, for he is aware that he must be defeated. I do not blame the Queen's government; it does all it can do with a bankrupt treasury, a ruined credit, and an anti-national cause. And God forbid that I should blame the English soldiers; they have fought as they always fight—like lions; but they have been overpowered by numbers, have relied on aid which could not be given them, and have been led forth into the enemy's quarters, not in a friendly, but in an enemy's country; and they have been slaughtered without mercy. But I blame Lord Palmerston and his conspirators against British glory and British fame. There is nothing of a British character about these men. The honor and fair fame of England abroad are not dear to them; and it is nothing to them that the rude finger of scorn is pointed by every foreigner in Europe against our foreign policy.—This is Whig fighting: and this is passing in a country where the name of an Englishman was a host—an army; and where the Duke of Wellington had gained, not only for himself, but for his country, in the war of independence, laurels which till now have never been disputed, and a fame which it was thought could never die. Lord Palmerston ought to be impeached. The Whigs have no right thus to disgrace England in Spain. They have no right to enlist Englishmen in the service of the Queen of Spain, without assuring to them victory and triumph. They have no right thus to trample in the dust the reputation of a thousand battle fields, and to expose their country and countrymen to derision and scorn. I know it can be replied, that their race must be short, and that the distress they inflict may soon be wiped away from our national escutcheon. I know this well; but, in the meantime, we are disgraced—and in the meantime, the British name and character are suffering. The interference of English auxiliaries in the Spanish war of succession is wholly the work of Lord Palmerston and his co-conspirators that interference has not served the cause of the Queen of Spain, nor can it serve it. If England resolved on placing and maintaining Christina on the throne of Spain, she had only one course to take, and that was to send an adequate army and an adequate navy. But now the bastard, the mock, the Whigging intervention which has taken place, has strengthened the cause of Don Carlos—has excited jealousy and heart-burning among the Christian Spanish Generals—has prevented the Queen's forces from doing their best—has deceived the Queen's partisans,

and enraged the Carlist army; and the name of a British soldier, which, till this fatal and absurd intervention, was regarded with awe by every Spaniard, is now the synonyme for a revolutionist and a propagandist.

It is thus we were disgraced in Holland by the same Lord Palmerston, and by the same Whig conspirators. And let it not be supposed that the Dutch-Belgian question is settled. It is as far from a settlement as ever. But the British name and character which stood in Holland so high, as even to be in their opinion higher than their own, is now associated with bad faith, breach of treaties, and indifference to Protestant allies and old honorable alliances.

And so we are disgraced in Russia. I do not wonder that you of the Standard refuse to believe it possible that even the Whigs intend to put up with the seizure of the Vixen, but it is possible...nay, it is certain. The edict of the Emperor of Russia, sent to Constantinople, recognizing as legal the seizure of the Vixen, is to be the law of the Whigs. Lord Palmerston sent Lord Durham to St. Petersburg. What has he done? Nothing. Lord Durham has protested in honied accents and soft speeches about the Vixen. What has been done? The Emperor has replied to his dulcet notes, by an edict establishing the validity of the seizure. The Sultan has heard it with dismay, but the English Ambassador has said 'Amen.'

And so we are disgraced in Turkey. The policy of Lord Palmerston and his co-conspirators...if we may dignify with the name 'policy' the chandler shop trickery of such pettifoggers—has been the most disgraceful. Turkey is governed by Russia, spoliated by Russia, dictated to, watched, robbed by Russia...and when the Sultan looks to his old ally, England, for protection, he is amused by idle promises, and replied to by lying fables.

And so we have been disgraced in Poland by the Whigs, for they urged on the revolution, and left the Poles to suffer and die; and at Cracow we have been disgraced, and that little free town has been invaded with impunity, and the treaties of Vienna violated openly and in broad day. Every where the same treasonable line of conduct, the same system of trickery, of bad faith, of keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope, has distinguished the conduct of the Whigs during the last six years; and they hope to wipe out the stain by an expedition to New Grenada!

But this is not all. The Whigs have disgraced England in France. They are now conspiring against Louis Philippe. The worst enemies of Louis Philippe and of the new French monarchy and dynasty in France are the Whigs. Because Louis Philippe would not join with them in a juggling expedition to Spain to interfere in a war of succession, the Whigs are moving heaven and earth, or rather earth and hell, against the King of the French. But he is aware of their policy, and is acquainted with their manoeuvres, and, on a very recent occasion, thus expressed himself to Lord Granville. The journal which publishes an account of this interview is the *Quotidienne*. The *Quotidienne* is the journal of the diplomatic circles. This is well known at Paris. It pledges itself for the sense of the words made use of, though not for the exact words. That is sufficient. Those who know, as I know, the sources of information of the *Quotidienne*, are aware that the account I am about to transcribe, is in all essential points most accurate, and that accounts shows most clearly, that the Whigs have disgraced us in France, as they have done every where else:—

Account of the interview of Lord Granville with Louis Philippe.

Lord Granville had, a few days since, a conversation with the King on the subject of the demagogical banquet at Madrid, and relative to the speech pronounced by Mr. Villiers.

The King said, 'There were toasts, my Lord, for every one except for me. This was an insult. It is the consequence, however, the natural consequence, of another step of your government, in leaving out my name, and every allusion to me, in the last speech of your Sovereign. Not that I wish for the praise of Mr. Villiers and his Spanish demagogues, for I should have seen with pain my name mixed up with saturnal revolutionary proceedings; but do not suppose that I perceive the less clearly the bad intentions of the English government. In return, my Lord, you may be assured that I do not feel for that government any great affection. The alliance of the Whigs has been more fatal to me than useful, and if the English government had not been the first to have acknowledged the events of 1830, I certainly should not have done what I have done since; I think, my Lord, that myself and family would have been much more happy than we now are.'

The Whigs have thus disgraced and injured us every where. In Portugal they attempted a counter-revolution, and left the young Queen, in the midst of her troubles and difficulties, to get out of them, as she could. Our trade with Portugal is half ruined, and Englishmen are now cautioned against going to court at Lisbon, for fear of exciting the anger or jealousy of the Portuguese.

Every where we are disgraced; and it will take seven years of Conservative government and of Conservative prudence, dignity and nationality, to remove the many foul stains inflicted by the Whigs on the British name and the British reputation.

Extract from the travels of Professor Silliman in Canada.

'It is questionable whether any conquered country was ever better treated by its conquerors than Canada. The people were left in complete possession of their religion, and revenues to support it...of their property, laws, customs and manners; and even the defending their country is without expense to them. It would seem as if the trouble and expense of Government were taken off their hands, and as if they were left to enjoy their own domestic comforts without a drawback. Such is certainly the appearance of the population, and it is doubtful whether our own favored communities are politically more happy. Lower Canada is a fine country, and will hereafter become populous and powerful, especially as the British and Anglo-American population shall flow in more extensively, and impart more vigor and activity to the community. The climate, notwithstanding its severity, is a good one, and very healthy and favorable to the freshness and beauty of the human constitution. All the most important comforts of life are easily and abundantly obtained.'

The Ladies of the last Century.—The following letter presents an amusing picture of the eagerness of the political ladies of the last century. Our great grandmothers were, it seems quite amiable descendants to the present generation. Lady Huntingdon who is at the head of these fair champions for the rights of women, is the same lady who afterwards became the great patroness and leader of a very large class of Methodists.—

'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors, consequently the fair sex was excluded, and the gallery was destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men or laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Sanderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Sanderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pushed at the ill breeding of a mere lawyer and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and whole House.—This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, every now & then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door with so much violence that speakers in the house were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war,) commanded dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter,) gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the galleries.—They stayed there till after eleven when the house rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases,) but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt, which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Harvey spoke miserably.'—*From the Letters and Papers of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, first published by Lord Wharnclyffe.*

The Russian Poet Puschkin.—The European papers give an account of the tragical termination of the life of the distinguished Russian author Puschkin at St. Petersburg. The following is from the correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle:—

'We are all here in the midst of cabal, scandal and movement in consequence of a private quarrel which I should not entertain you with, if such things under a despotic government were not important. Baron Heeckeren is the envoy here from his Majesty the king of Holland. He thought fit some time since to adopt a young Frenchman named d'Antais, for whom he obtained enrolment in the Chavaler-garde of the Imperial Guards. The young Frenchman took the name of Heeckeren, and soon after married a Russian lady, the sister of the wife of the celebrated poet Puschkin. Puschkin's own history is curious, though not uncommon. He was a Russian patriotic and national poet, but with a certain liberal leaning, as is usual mingled with his genius, which created anxiety and alarm. He was ordered to make choice of a life in Siberia, or the life of Court poet, enriched and honored by courtiers. He chose the latter, and was happy until Mons. d'Antais Heeckeren came into the poet's family. The lively young French-

man, adopted son of the Dutch Ambassador, soon came to prefer Madame Puschkin to his own wife whose sister she was. Puschkin soon discovered what was past his stomach. He challenged d'Antais Heeckeren, and the brothers-in-law fought near this capital, in the English fashion, with pistols, at ten paces, both firing at the same time. D'Antais Heeckeren was wounded slightly but Puschkin mortally. He survived long enough however to draw up and dictate in a written letter his complaints against the Dutch envoy, and his French adopted son, mingled with accusations of the most serious kind. After thus giving record and vent to his treatment, Puschkin died. The Russians all take part with their favorite poet, loudly expressing their grief at his loss, & at the same time their indignation against the circumstances and person who caused it. The Czar himself was much affected at the death of Puschkin; and nothing else is thought of, or talked of, for the moment.

For the Missiskoui Standard.
THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 22.

The portion of time reserved for holy purposes is so moderately small, that, even on the supposition that the duties which it requires to be performed within its limits were painful and irksome, there could be no just reason for complaint. But there is no room left for an unworthy supposition in the case, because they are known to be pleasant, delightful and advantageous. And if our minds were in a right state, we would deem them so, and call the sabbath 'a delight.' The religious observance of the Lord's day is accompanied with many signal blessings to mankind. What would have become of many of the labouring, dependant poor, if there had been no sabbath? In most cases those that have power over them would make their lives bitter, by depriving them of all manner of rest, and allow them no time for reading their Bibles, or for attending to the preaching of the Gospel. There would have been no divine ordinances...no public instructions to remind them of a future world, or to inspire them with the desire of preparing to meet their God. Profanity and atheism and immorality would spread over the face of the moral world.

Yet great as are the advantages of the sabbath, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view—the one to maintain the knowledge of God in the world against the blighting inroads of infidelity and atheism, and to furnish time for preparation for heaven; and the other, to allow time to the weary for the enjoyment of rest from labour, both man and beast, there are many, even within the bounds which christianity occupies, who are perfectly regardless of the nature and claims of the Lord's day. But since reformation is my earnest desire, I beg that I may be allowed, in the spirit of christian fidelity, as one who is sensible of the great importance of the duty in question, and of the danger of giving it a deaf ear, to entreat, to exhort, and to urge.

Parents and masters of families, I entreat you in particular to consider that every exhortation found in the Bible, respecting the sabbath day, is, especially, addressed to you. I grant that the expression, 'within thy gates' may, and does, refer to the gates of a city, and that it is descriptive of the jurisdiction and duty of the municipal magistrate: but, then, remember that this necessary extension and application of the phrase, neither exclude nor exonerate you. For, it is clearly expressive of the duty and jurisdiction of every household. I must tell you, therefore, in the name, and by the authority of the supreme Lawgiver of the universe, that you, fathers and mothers of families, are accountable to God, not only for your own individual conduct, but also, to a certain degree, for the conduct of all that you maintain, lodge or employ in your service. You are, in truth, charged with the inspection, not merely of your own children, whom you are bound 'to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' but of all who partake of your bread—whether they be your hired servants, apprentices learning your trade, or strangers, for a time, sojourning under your roof. In your own houses, you are teachers, priests and judges, by virtue of divine institution. Your houses are your castles. No earthly power has any right either to dispute or to contravene your authority, in the just government of your firesides, unless you are found to violate the laws. Woe to us, then, who are fathers and mothers, if we do not exercise the authority vested in us by the supreme Governor of the world, for the restraining of vice, and for the promoting of religion and virtue, within our natural jurisdiction!

Were this authority, vested in the heads of families, fully recognized, every public house, in town and country, would be closed against the idle and dissipated part of the community, on the Lord's day as well as every store and shop, except for the accommodation of the traveller. The landlord has no more right to deal out his liquor, than the merchant has to cut by the yard, or to weigh by the scales, for the accommodation of his customers. He is bound to rest from his labors—to allow the same privilege to his domestics, and to keep his door shut against the idle and intemperate. The stranger, if he is there, is bound to rest also; and if he is not so inclined, the landlord is bound to see that the regulations of his house shall be respected. He can, and ought to, keep good order, and drive immorality and impiety from his fireside, as well as any other. I speak not merely the language of religion, for which some have very little regard: I speak the language of the statute laws of the land, and even that of Tavern Licenses. The landlord has obtained that privilege by virtue of certificates that he is 'a fit and proper person' to keep a public house, and that he will not allow disorderly con-

duct on his premises. But such of them as keep their Bar rooms open, and deal out liquor to intemperate men, on the Lord's day, are, of all classes of the community, the most mischievous. Their houses are synagogues of Satan. It does not signify what their feelings and opinions are. We must all appear at the judgment seat of Christ, and be judged, not by our rules, but by the Law of God. 'He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.' Gal. 6: 8.

J. R.

MISSISSKOU STANDARD. FRELIGHSBURG, MAY 16, 1837.

The Reports of the Royal Commissioners have all been published in our provincial papers, but owing to their great length we regret that it was not in our power to undertake the task of laying them before the readers of the Standard.

The conclusion to which the Commissioners have come, and the recommendations respecting changes in the constitution and government of the Province which they had prepared to submit to the Imperial Government, must necessarily have rendered every one anxious to ascertain what these might be. That information we now have. No invading hand has been laid on the letter of the Constitution. On the strength of the Report, resolutions have been proposed, and adopted in the House of Commons, having principally for their object the payment of the officers of Government, without the concurrence of our House of Assembly. No doubt this measure is strong, as being no less than a suspension of the powers vested in the Assembly, for maintaining the civil government, but which had been used by them for the purposes of revolutionizing the country. Inveterate diseases require desperate remedies. Whether the remedy be sufficient for the cure of the disease, time will prove, and that within a short period. In Canada the patient will exhibit strong attempts to resist swallowing the pill. The Ministry, then, if they mean any thing serious, must execute their own measures, or be driven to the wall.

There is, at this moment, actively going into operation, what the organs of the majority very appropriately called the *howl*. They are calling on the disaffected throughout the whole province to assemble themselves in meetings, and express by strong resolutions the feelings that are felt for them by the leaders of sedition and rebellion. There need be no hesitation in using the word rebellion. The Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland is stigmatized as a 'foreign Parliament.' Emigrants from the Parent Country are stigmatized as foreigners. The Executive Government is styled a band of 'robbers.' The disaffected are loudly and unblushingly calling upon the people, neither to purchase, nor to use any goods whatsoever that pay duty, that there may be no more money to be taken by the robbers. It is recommended as necessary and just that a grand scheme of extensive smuggling from our neighbors across the Line shall be adopted, and carried into effect. In their desperate raving, they set both the Government and the Laws at defiance, and recommend the adoption of such practices as are calculated to destroy in the minds of the people all sense of moral duty and moral honesty. It is in this way that the *howl* is to begin & to be carried on. If Lord Gosford can at all open his eyes to see what is going on; or his ears that he may hear what is said and threatened against the honor and dignity of the Imperial Crown of England, we might have hopes that the question, who rules in the Province of Lower Canada, might be answered. One good has arisen out of the Royal Commission. It has rendered doubly sure what was sure before, but not believed. There can now be no room left for doubts. The leaders of the majority blinded the eyes of many, by their hypocritical zeal for the reform of grievances, and some individuals of British origin in the Townships believed that the demagogues were sincere. They may now see that while reform was issuing from their lips, rebellion and separation were in their hearts. That the Townships might be entangled in their snare they sent their emissaries among them to flatter and to deceive. But what are we to make of their attempts to repeal the charter of the Land Company, and to change the tenure of our Lands? These two objects of their ambition, if nothing more could be laid to their charge, are enough to shew the cloven foot. What! change the tenure by which we hold our lands—the tenure which satisfies England, and the Anglo-Saxons of all the States of the American Union, for a tenure of Fran-

co-Canadian vassalage, and what egregious blindness must be in the minds of such of our Township inhabitants, as favour the proud, aspiring, tyrannical demagogues! When our titles shall have been changed for the feudal system of barbarous ages, and shall have brought upon us all the burthens and liabilities of the feudal tenure, we shall have glorious times. There will be but little difference in opinion between the present dupes of Papineau and his present opposers. For to his sway, we in the Townships, never, never will submit.

If matters were more settled at home, we might take some consolation in the probability that our case would be fully considered through all its bearing; but as affairs stand there, the utmost exertion will be used by our paid enemy, and by those who join with him in the *howl*, to gain time, until the resolutions now preparing for the *habitans*, and the feelings put in their hands and mouths, by some half dozen of the demagogues, shall have been sent home, as from the inhabitants, but in reality from the clique. How deeply then it is to be regretted, that an efficient agent from the Constitutional Associations is not on the spot to counteract and expose the machinations of wicked desperadoes, and to contribute what influence might be used to keep the government from proving a traitor to itself! Let not the men of British and Irish origin suppose that since they have hitherto, by the position they took, saved the letter of the Constitution, all is safe. The same firm posture is still wanted, if we would insure permanent safety. Yes, the same firm attitude, and an immediate return to a union of counsel are all essential to the object which we should all have at heart—the good of the country. Union is strength. Whoever promotes union by wisdom, prudence and foresight is of inestimable value; but he who divides, breaks down and scatters, for private ends, when he ought to build up is, whatever he may profess, a black-hearted traitor.

As we are desirous of closing the accounts of the first and second volumes of the Standard, and for the accommodation of our subscribers, Daniel D. Salls, Esq., one of our regularly appointed Agents, will be at Mr. John Oliver's inn, at LaCole, on the 29th instant; at Mr. David Hatch's inn, at Odletown, on the 30th instant; and at Major Isaac Wilsey's, at Henrysburg, on the 31st instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of settling accounts, receiving monies, and granting receipts for the same, to such persons as are indebted to us for the two first volumes of the Standard. We sincerely hope our friends at LaCole, Odletown, and Henrysburg, will take advantage of the present opportunity of rendering this arrangement effectual, by meeting our agent, and closing all arrearages.

Office of the Secretary of the Province—Quebec, 4th May, 1837.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz: Francois Brunelle, Ambrose Caron and Hugh Daly, Esquires, to be Commissioners for the Summary Trial of Small Causes, in the extra-parochial place of St. Philippe de Kildare, in the county of Berthier, under the 6th Wm. IV. cap. 17. Elijah Billings, Solomon Squier and Daniel Jones, Esquires, to be do. do. in the Township of Sutton, in the county of Mississkoui. Elijah P. Gilman and Richard Foss, Esquires, to be do. do. in the Township of Brome, in the county of Shefford.

William Hallowell, Esq. to practice Physic, Surgery and Midwifery, within this Province. Thomas Atkins, Gentleman, to be Clerk of the Market, situate, lying and being in the Upper Town of the City of Quebec, in the place and stead of George Chapman, resigned. Do. do. to regulate, adjust, stamp and mark Beams, Weights and Measures, within the district of Quebec, in the room and stead of do. do.

Montreal Market.—A few sales of flour in small parcels have lately been made at 50s. for superfine and 40s. 3d. for fine, ninety days. In pork a little has been done at D21 for prime mess, D16 for prime, and D14 for cargo per brl. The price of ashes is merely nominal, 26s. and 30s. for pot and pearls. They are likely to decline in consequence of the unfavourable accounts from England.

In the LIVERPOOL market, ashes and wheat had suffered a still further decline. Under date of the 1st ultimo we learn that sales of pots and pearls had been made at 25s. 6d. and 33s.

The following is a statement of the stock on hand:—

	Pots.	Prls.	Total
Stock of Ashes, 1st Jan. brls.	6700	2400	9100
Imported in the past two months	—	—	—
	6700	2400	9100
Delivered in past two months, for home use and export	2100	1100	3200
Leaving the stock, 23rd Feb	4600	1300	5900
Against the same period last year 1836	1800	500	2300
And in 1835	1900	1900	3800
In London the present stock is	800	600	1400
Against the same period last year 1836	700	1000	1700
And in 1835	1200	2200	2100
Baltic wheat, in bond, had been sold at 5s. 6d. a 5s. 10d. per 70 lbs., and Foreign flour had declined from 1s. a 2s. per barrel.			

Notwithstanding all our complaining & mismanagement, there is some good luck attending Lower Canada. While bankruptcy is desolating New York and every large commercial city in the United States, there has not been one failure at Quebec worth mentioning, and comparatively few at Montreal. There has been distress from

the failure of the crops last season, but people have made out to live throughout the winter, and the season of increased employment brings a diminished price of the necessities of life.

It is not only in the present instance that good luck has attended Lower Canada. It has been the quietest country in the world during the last 70 years, and, in reality, one of the freest, and where the burthens of Government have been the least felt. The war of the American Revolution and of 1812, enriched Lower Canada by the British military expenditure in the Colony, and it hardly felt the miseries of war. Since the close of the war in 1814, our population has rapidly increased, and many improvements have been introduced, which, although momentarily suspended, must soon be resumed.

The truth is, that our politics have wrought us up into a disposition, which is too common all over the world, to make much of present and often imaginary inconveniences, and lose sight of real and substantial advantages, which are only fully perceived by comparison with other countries, or when they are lost by our own folly.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The Montreal *Vindicator* has fixed the 'howl' of Indignation meeting in the county of Richelieu, for Sunday the 7th inst. We would not have it believed that it is from any extraordinary disrespect for the Sabbath, that the party generally fixes its political meetings on a Sunday or near the Church, about the hour of divine service. They think nothing more of Sunday than any other day; but it is only by catching the people when they go to Church, that they can muster any thing like a numerous and respectable meeting.—*Id.*

VENEZUELA.—We have received a file of the Concilio and Liberal newspapers published at Caracas, up to the 12th ult., and we are sorry to learn from them that new disturbances have arisen in this republic. The first movement took place in the province of Apure under Col. Tarpan, which was followed by another in the province of Guayana. The former had carried away all the horses, crossed the river Apure with them and concealed them in the woods. When the President, General Soublette, first received intelligence of this event, he asked authority from Congress to levy 2000 men, but a few days afterwards, learning the rebels were in greater strength than he apprehended, he increased the number to 8000, both his requests were complied with, and he then issued an order to General Paez to put himself at the head of the army with the title of Generalissimo of the army of Venezuela. He was also authorized to contract loans and do whatever else was required for the support of the army.—*Id.*

Constantinople, Jan. 25th.—We learn that Mr. Warrington, the English Consul at Tripoli, having had a very sharp altercation with the Pasha, had forgotten himself so far as to apply a horsewhip repeatedly to his face. Tahir is a man of violent and vindictive temper, and will not suffer such an offence to remain unpunished. Mr Warrington is not without apprehensions, for he has recently summoned several ships of war to afford him protection in case of need.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

Notice

IS hereby given that from and after the 1st day of May next, Wharfage dues, at the rate of ten pence per ton, will be levied on all goods landed or shipped at the Wharf of the British American Land Company at Port Saint Francis. Office of the British American Land Company, Sherbrooke, April 24, 1837.

Notice.

A few Barrels first rate
Pork,
For sale by the barrel or smaller quantity, for Cash, by the subscriber.
SIMEON WHITMAN.
St. Armand, May 16, 1837.

Notice

IS hereby given to the Proprietors of the Baptist meeting house, in the East Parish of St. Armand, to meet at the School house at Abbott's Corner, on Saturday the 26th instant at 4 o'clock, P. M. To see if they will appropriate the remains of said house towards building a school house and Place for public worship.
ALLEN MINOR,
Clerk for the Proprietors.
St. Armand, 16th May, 1837. V2—5—2w

WOOLLEN Factory. CARDING, CLOTH DRESSING & MANUFACTURING.

THE undersigned tenders his grateful acknowledgments to a generous public for past patronage, and would beg to inform those who have Wool, that his Machinery is in the best possible order and put in operation by experienced workmen, selected for their superiority and skill from the neighboring factories; and he now holds himself in readiness to do all kinds of work in his line, upon short notice and in the best manner. Coloured cloth will be manufactured from clean wool, for two shillings and six pence per yard. Coarse Gray for two shillings per yard, or at the halves, for full cloth. Other work for the usual prices. The works are now in complete operation; and all engagements will be fulfilled punctually, as to time and manner. The works were last year incomplete, and it was found impossible to meet the demands of customers. Those who have not received their Cloth can now have it by calling at the Factory.
OMIE LA GRANGE.
St. Armand, May 16, 1837. 3—5—4w.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber by Note or Book account, are notified that the same must be paid by the first day of June next. And whatever articles he may sell in his former line of business, will be sold for a small profit from cost, for ready pay only.
GEO. BARNES.
St. Armand, 6th May, 1837.



CASTLE OF ST. LEWIS,
Quebec, 13th April, 1837.

IN conformity with an instruction from His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, addressed to his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, and bearing date February, 1837... Public Notice is hereby given, that from and after the 1st June next, purchasers of land will be required to pay down, at the time of sale 10 per cent, on the whole value of the purchase, and the remainder within fourteen days, from the day of sale—that until the whole price is paid the purchasers will not be put in possession of the land—and that in the event of payment not being made within the prescribed period the sale will be considered void, and the deposit be forfeited.

And all purchasers of land are hereby notified that it is the intention of his Majesty's Government strictly to enforce the conditions annexed to the sale of lands under the existing regulation
By command.
S. WALCOTT,
Civil Secretary.

OFFICE OF CROWN LANDS.

Quebec 13th April, 1837.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given, that the last sale of Crown and Clergy Lands, under the present system, will be held on the days and at the places hereinafter mentioned, viz:—Dunham Plains, on the 26th May; Frost Village 27th May; Stanstead Plain, 29th May; Sherbrooke, 30th May; Kamouraska, 30th May; Drummondville, 31st May; Three Rivers, Hull, Bristol, Litchfield, Buckingham, Lochaber, Argenteuil, Grenville, Leeds, L'Islet, and at the office of Crown Lands, Quebec, on the 1st day of June next, when the lands already published for sale according to the list of the 26th and 27th of July, 1836, and which remain undisposed of, together with such other lands as have since been applied for, and which this department had been authorized to sell, will be offered at the stated upset prices, with a view to permit those settlers who have already viewed to this province, and others who have made arrangements to acquire lands for settlement, under the existing regulations, to obtain the lands on the terms which they had been led to expect.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The several Newspapers published in this Province are requested to give both the above three insertions.

ENGLISH Garden-Seeds.

A choice supply just received and for sale by
W. W. SMITH.
April 21st, 1837. V3—21r

LOST!

A note of hand drawn in favor of the subscriber and signed by James Harrington, for the sum of fifteen Dollars, bearing date sometime in the month of September last, and payable the first day of December next.

N. B. All persons are forbid buying or discounting the said note.
WILLIAM D. SMITH.
Shefford, 4th April, 1837. V3 2—12w

For Sale,

IN Frost Village, County of Shefford, an excellent Two Story

House,

with a STORE and out Buildings adjoining, all in good order, with a Garden and sufficient Pasture for two Cows. There is also a Pearl Ashery attached, with a constant supply of water from a never failing brook passing through the grounds. The premises are known as formerly occupied by the late Samuel Willard, and are well worthy the attention of any person desirous of entering into business, or a country residence.

Possession given immediately, and terms of payment easy. Apply to
F. C. GILMOUR & CO.
Granby village, 3d April, 1837.—11r.

Education.

THE Rev. M. TOWNSEND, at the desire of several respectable gentlemen, and with the sanction of 'The Lord Bishop of Montreal' in undertaking the charge of pupils, will open his

FAMILY CLASSICAL INSTITUTION,
on the 1st day of May next, for the instruction of Boys (over seven years old) and young gentlemen in the various branches of English, French and Classical Education.
For terms, and other details, reference may be had to his prospectus in Hand Bills, or, by letter, to him at his residence.
Clarenceville, L. C., 20th March, 1837.

Notice.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Curator to Geo. Wallace and Gertrude Freligh, his wife, Carlton Freligh and Rodney Freligh, all heretofore residing in the Seigneurie of St. Armand, but now absent from the Province. All persons having claims against any of the above named parties are requested to present them without delay, and all those indebted to pay the amount of their respective debts to the subscriber.
GALLOWAY FRELIGH,
Curator.
Bedford, 6th March, 1837. V2—4s

Young Diamond



WILL take his stand for the season, commencing on the 10th of May, and ending the 10th of July, at Dunham Flat, on Mondays and Tuesdays; at Stanbridge East, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at Thomas Minor's, St. Armand East, on Fridays and Saturdays.
For particulars see Hand Bills.
THOMAS MINOR.
St. Armand, May, 1837.

The Romaika.

When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then advancing,
Shall steal o'er our track,
Thy white feet in dancing,
Shall trace them all back.
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then at the closing
Of each merry lay,
We'll lie, reposing
Beneath the night ray;
Or if declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.
When the Balaika, &c.

Oh then, how fealty
The dance we'll renew,
Winding so fleetly
Its light mazes through,
Till stars, shining o'er us,
From Heaven's high bow'rs,
Would give their bright chorus,
For one dance of ours,
When the Balaika, &c.

Moore's Evenings in Greece.

A BEAUTIFUL CANDIDATE FOR A CROWN.

From the forthcoming work 'Evenings with Cambraceres.'

The Emperor Napoleon had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard, and a lady alighted from it. Ah, misfortune! I exclaimed, it is her Imperial Highness the princess de Guastalla, (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.) I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who but the Emperor himself. He rang at my back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might perhaps have feigned not to recognise the Emperor, but with a most imperative gesture he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, & leaving the Princess to find her own way to the drawing room, unattended, I hurried to the Emperor.

'Prince,' said he, as soon as I was in his presence, 'I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunder bolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly—she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting.'

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy in the scene in which June complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The Princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill-humor being exhausted, I said:—

'Madame, if your Imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But, as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned, from my servants, that the sister of our august monarch was in my house.'

'His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!'

'Is it possible, madame, that, enjoying as you do the favor of his Imperial Majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?'

'His favor! What a mockery! Does he show his favor by degrading me?'

'No, madame, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an Imperial Princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united to a Roman Prince!'

'A brilliant marriage, truly!—an illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a Queen, my sister-in-law a Queen, and then Josephine's daughter a Queen, or on the point of becoming one; and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife! Eliza, too, will be crowned by and by; whilst I am nothing. Hear me, Prince Cambraceres—Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him that, if he does not raise me to the dignity of Queen, I have a terrible vengeance in reserve for him.'

'But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict.'

'My affection!—I hate him—he is a monster!'

'Hush! Princess! I exclaimed with some alarm. 'Know that in France walls have ears.'

'I care not; I defy his police, and I would tell him all I have said to his face; and I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand.'

'I became more and more alarmed, and was about to reply, when the Emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door, and presented himself to the astonished Princess.'

'Maniac!' he exclaimed, 'you shall not go to England, but to Clarenton.'

'Ah! so you have followed me,'—she said.—'Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened. I have come here to request Prince Cambraceres to intercede for me. Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown.'

I don't care where it is. Make me Queen of Portugal, or Denmark, or what you will; I would even reign in Switzerland, or Corfu—no matter where; but a crown I must have. Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear a crown?... Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me.'

With these words she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman; but at that moment she appeared to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the Emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and, when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him, and burst into tears, he advanced to her and said affectionately,

'My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman.'

'Let me have a divorce, then.'

'Heaven forbid!'

'I will be a Queen, or I will go to London.'

'You shall go to Vincennes.'

'I defy you! I will strangle myself as I enter.'

I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat; but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then with a voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed:—

'So much the better, madame! You will rid me of a termagant whom I find more difficult to govern than all Europe together! I see that you are only to be ruled by a rod of iron. I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mere, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch-Chancellor shall deliver to you from me.'

'Then you will make me a Queen? I must be crowned.'

'Really, Pauline, to hear you one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late King our father.'

I had never before known the Emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have been describing, this good humored touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past, reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings, she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of the ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

'Let her come in,' said the Emperor. I rang—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The Emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then, turning to me, he added:—

'Let us retire to your cabinet.'

'I am at your Majesty's disposal,' replied I, 'but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the Princess.'

'Well well! only be quick!'

He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the Princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait upon the Emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

'Well, Prince!' said he, as soon as I entered, 'this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant, as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning, Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in—and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me, I followed her, and as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuilleries. She drove across the bridge; I suspected she was coming to you; I entered by your back door and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese! Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! The Borghese are of pure blood royal, I know; but kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made Governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and, moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and re-set her diamonds. A million of francs...what a sum! How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah, Prince! what a cross is a numerous family, to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchizedek, who never knew father, mother, brother, and above all, sister.'

A good wife, or a tuff story.—An old gentleman somewhat famous for his tremendously tough yarns, broached one during the pressure, which was amusing enough for its absurdity, as well as the confident air in which he delivered it. He said he had not been hard pressed for money of late years, but was once when doing a large business. 'One day in particular,' to use the first person, 'I looked so terribly grum at breakfast, that my wife discovered something was the matter. "What ails you, my dear?" says she. "Nothing," says I. "But there is," says she. "Well," says I, "if you will know, I have 17,000 dollars to pay to day and nothing to do it with."

'Is that all,' says she. 'And enough too,' says I. With that she says nothing, but whips up stairs and brings me down the seventeen thousand dollars, all in small change, I had given her from time to time, to do her marketing with! The old gentleman was quite wroth when the bystanders burst into a roar of laughter at a tale so monstrously incredible.

Religion of a Dog.—The Rev. Henry Duncan, in his Philosophy of the Seasons, relates the following original anecdote of Burns. 'I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a school-boy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was remarkably imbued. It was a subject well calculated to call forth his powers, and, when handled by such a man not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which as it threw new light into my mind, I shall never forget. "Man," said he, "is the God of dogs. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! with what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what obedience he looks upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse.—Divines tell us that it ought just so to be with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame.'

A WESTERN HUNTER'S IDEA OF LOVE.

'I say, Earthquake, were you ever in love?' 'Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me: I hardly know what to say about that. I have sometimes felt queer. When I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt right funny...felt as if somebody was drawing a briar over me.—Now, if you call that love, I have been in love.' 'Well, I think you have. Do you know anybody that you would marry?' 'I marry! what for? To be always toting a wife through the woods, or across the swamps, to keep some damn'd red skin from taking her hair off? Wouldn't she see rough times? Fool, who? She'll be all sorts of a gall who catches me,' said Earthquake; 'a wife is a queer thing; and getting one is like pulling a varment out of a hollow; you don't know, until you have got it into your hand, what sort of a thing it is.'

'John,' said a man to a Dutch servant, 'Go to Mr. Robin's house, and tell him that if there is any law in the land, I will prosecute him. Tell him not to bring his dog here, for the animal is rabid, and that if he comes here in my absence to scold, and bawl, and pick quarrels, I will send for Mr. Jarvis and have him taken care of.'

John went and delivered his message. 'My master says that you shan't bring your dog to his house, for his rabbit; and if you go there in a box to pick squabbles, he will send you to the barbers and take your hair off.'

MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.—One of Cromwell's followers, who filled the important office of a Justice, in the seventeenth century, having occasion to write the word 'usage' contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was 'yowzitch.'

When some remarks were made upon this feat, he averred that 'nobody could spell with pens made from Irish geese.'

The following letter, ascribed to the same worthy, is said to be still in existence:—

'Dear John,—I send you 2 pups for your 2 sisters which are 2 bitches.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A woman rather indifferently clad, was walking leisurely along in the sleigh track of one of our streets the other day when a teataster, by inadvertence or design, probably from the former, drove his horse against her, knocked her down, the sleigh and all passing over her. Fortunately, however she escaped uninjured and speedily regaining her feet, turned to her prostrator, and with a shake of the fist, exclaimed with some asperity, 'There, you've done it, haint you?'

St. Johns & Troy

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy, Vt. along the valleys of the Pike and Mississinoui Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverhill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast, passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge, Frelighsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and arrive at Troy the same evening; and will leave Troy Monday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock & arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, & in winter, passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levellest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be next the two Cities.

FARE—\$2 Dollars, each way. J. CLARK, J. BALCH, C. ELKINS, A. SEARS, H. BRIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER, February, 1837.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS.

Hollis Robinson, Stukely. Samuel Maynard, Esq., Dunham, P. H. Moore, P. M., Bedford, Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill, Elihu Crossett, St. Armand, Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg, Galloway Ereligh, Bedford, Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham, Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville, Abner Potter, Brome, Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome, P. H. Knowlton, Brome, Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham, Whipple Wells, Farnham, Henry Bright, Sutton, Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg, Henry Wilson, La. Cole, Levi A. oit, Pott on, Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont, Nathan Hale, Troy, Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor, Horace Wells, Henryville, Allen Wheeler, Noyan, Daniel D. Salls, Esq. parish of St. Thomas, E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt. Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton, William Keet, parish of St. Thomas.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississinoui Standard, will please to leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.



Cash for Wool!

Shereby given that two shilling currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships. Sherbrooke, May 10, 1736. V-7

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required. DANIEL FORD. Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2 11—Iy

SALT!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Nails, Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

NEW STORE

New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cooksville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery and Hardware, Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices. A. & H. ROBERTS. Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

2,000 Menots Lisbon Salt!

In fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner Malvina—likewise quantity of white SALT, also— a heavy Stock of general

Merchandise,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by W. W. SMITH, Mississinoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2-35

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF



Mail Stages

FROM STANSTEAD-PLAIN TO ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK. FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, 17s 6d. LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening. Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus, he advantages of this new line are obvious.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryat, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says:—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union; the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says: "It is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States." The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable "reading matter" than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, & author of Pennell Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for 500 dollars premiums, will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which may on a large scale of patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

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